

# The BEACON

FOR SCHOOL AND HOME

VOLUME XII. No. 28

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APRIL 9, 1922.

## Seamen.

BY HAROLD WILLARD GLEASON.

OUT around the harbor, when the waves  
are dancing blue,  
Little skiffs and dories skip, each with  
sturdy crew  
Of tanned and happy sailor-lads, who  
shout with boyish glee,  
Every heart a-thrilling with the magic of  
the sea.

Little skiffs and dories, with sails of  
gleaming white;—  
But on the Greatest Flagship, somewhere  
out of sight,  
Lawrence and Decatur and Perry smile  
and say,  
"Our country's in no danger, with seamen  
such as they!"

## When the Sun Went Down.

BY ANNIE ROGERS KNOWLTON.

IT was a beautiful day in early spring,  
—just the kind of a day that makes  
every child hurry out of doors after  
school, glad to be able to run and jump  
in the sunshine.

Nan and Ada felt this sense of freedom.  
They lived in a little bit of an oil town  
way up in the northwestern part of Penn-  
sylvania, where the big mountains towered  
on every side and the woods were full of  
every kind of blossoming wild flowers.  
Nan lived in the town itself, very near the  
one little room used for a school. But  
Ada lived at least a mile back in the  
woods, in a lonely house set in a clearing  
near her father's oil wells.

To visit Ada in this house had always  
been the great desire of Nan's heart, but  
her mother was a bit timid about letting  
Nan wander so far in an unknown  
direction unless she was accompanied by  
some of her family.

To-night, Nan begged to be  
allowed to go home with Ada.  
After some hesitation, her mother told  
her she might go a short way, provided  
they took the road, under the rail-  
road trestle. She provided, too, that Nan  
promised to be home before dark. "For  
remember," said Mrs. Reynolds,  
"I should be very much worried if you  
should be alone in the woods after dark.  
Of course, there isn't often anything to  
be afraid of, but once in a while some  
wild beast, like a tiger or a mountain  
lion, has been seen by the men. And there  
is always a chance of losing your way."

But Nan was quite ready to promise  
anything so entirely within reason, and  
sunset seemed very far off, at half-past-  
three on a spring day.

True to her promise, for Nan would  
never willfully deceive her mother, the

two girls followed the wood road that led  
through the village, under the trestle, and  
up the mountain-side. A much shorter  
way would have been to walk the trestle,  
to the place where it joined the mountain-  
side, and then take a path through the  
dense woods that led almost directly to  
the clearing.

But the trestle was very high,—in  
places it was fully twenty-five feet above

the ground, and Nan's father had made  
the little girl promise many times never to  
attempt to walk it. She was only eight  
years old, but he knew he could trust her  
if she really gave him her word. So the  
trestle never even entered her head as a  
possibility.

And the wood road was very lovely.  
The early flowers were just beginning to  
blossom, and great beds of maiden-hair  
ferns were unfolding their delicate leaves  
along the side of the road. The children  
were as happy as only children can be on  
a day like that. Nan never gave a thought  
to the flight of time until they came to  
the place where a grassy path branched  
off from the wood's road.

"I have to turn in here," said Ada.  
"Won't you come just a little farther?"

Nan studied the sky. It surely didn't  
seem as if dark were approaching.

"Do you think I ought to? Can I surely  
get home before dark?"

"Of course you can!" exclaimed Ada,  
who was more anxious to have Nan with  
her than she was to be very careful about  
the exact truth. She was a good deal  
older than Nan, too, so her words carried  
weight.

Almost before she could realize it, Nan  
was in sight of the little house in the  
clearing she had always been so anxious  
to see.

"Come on in—just a minute," wheedled  
Ada. Nan wavered.

"I'll show you my dolls—and I've some  
real cute dolls' furniture you can have  
for your doll-house."

Nan gave one doubtful look at the sky  
where the sun still hung above the moun-  
tains—and went in. Lost in the delights  
of playthings that were all new to her, she  
took no account of time.

The sharp peal of a supper bell roused  
her to startled apprehension.

"What time is it? Oh, what time is it?"  
she questioned, her eyes bright with quick  
fears at thought of a possible betrayal of  
her trust.

It was this thought—her mother's  
anxiety—rather than any fears for her-  
self, that allowed her to listen to Ada's  
proposal that she should take the short  
cut through the woods, to the railroad  
track, rather than follow the much longer  
wood road home. And she felt that Ada  
was more than unkind in refusing to go  
with her for even a part of the bewildering  
distance. But deep in her heart she  
knew she should never have yielded to  
Ada's entreaties in the first place, and it  
was her own conscience that was giving  
her the most trouble as she resolved, come  
what might, she would try to make her  
mother's worry as short as she could.

There was still the gray light of ap-  
proaching evening in the sky, when she



A STIFF BREEZE



looked down the narrow path that led among the long lines of gigantic old trees that lay between her and the railroad track. She entered them with outward courage but with lips tight set. She had forgotten that in the mountains there is little or no twilight. The sun just drops behind the hills, and the light goes out almost as it does when you blow out a lamp.

It was this sort of darkness that settled heavily about her as her flying feet raced hurriedly along the narrow path she could only just make out. A pale gray spot at the farther end, where the path opened onto the track, was her only guide. She had covered about three-quarters of the distance when of a sudden she was brought to a halt almost as though some one had caught her by the shoulders. For there, perhaps twenty feet to her left, and against the base of a ledge that showed a little darker than the surrounding blackness, gleamed two glowing specks. Her breath caught in her throat, and she felt cold from head to foot. All the stories of wild beasts still to be found in the woods came back to her terrified imagination. She remembered that her father had said, if you could keep perfectly quiet, an animal would seldom spring. And for several terrible long seconds she stood motionless. The two bright eyes—if eyes they were—kept as still as she.

At last she could bear it no longer. Anything would be better than the suspense. With a quick cry she could not control she bounded forward along the path, her ears strained to catch the sound of springing steps behind her. Everything seemed as quiet as before except for the pounding of her own heart, and she finally stood on the railroad track just a few steps away from the place it joined the trestle.

She was even considering the final risk of walking the trestle when her ears caught the shrill scream of an approaching train. The track was narrow, but it almost entirely filled the roadbed, and it seemed to the terrified child that she must either be caught between the train and the hillside or be pushed down the long embankment. The stump of a tree on top of the embankment offered protection, and she crouched down behind it while the train thundered past, sending a shower of sparks all over her.

She had a sudden sinking of heart as she realized what it would have meant if she had been caught on the trestle when the train came! She carefully picked her way, stumbling and rolling, down the embankment, to the level of the town. Mustering all the dignity she had left, in order that no one might suspect her of fear, she made her way as fast as she could toward home.

There, it was all confusion, as she saw by one look through the uncurtained windows. Five men in heavy boots and coats, with guns in their hands, were just about to start on a search for her. It was some minutes before she could control herself enough to tell them about the fearful eyes that had terrified her.

The men went out at once to see if there really were any wild animal lurking in the woods so near the town. And what do you suppose they found? There was an old decayed stump of a tree in the place where Nan had seen the eyes. In

two places bits of the bark had been chipped off and, by some queer accident, bits of phosphorus had been deposited there by the chemical action of decay. Now phosphorus shines bright in the darkness, and those two spots were close enough together to make them appear like brilliant, shining eyes.

The men had crept up to them with almost as much caution as Nan had felt was necessary. But when they were about to shoot, some one realized the kind of animal before them, and the hunt ended in a laugh.

But Nan never forgot how much trouble and worry she had brought upon herself and her dear mother by her carelessness, and, though she is now a woman, she can never forget the lesson of those dreadful eyes.

### Spring Song.

MAKE me over, mother April,  
When the sap begins to stir!  
When thy flowery hand delivers  
All the mountain-prisoned rivers,  
And thy great heart beats and quivers  
To revive the days that were,  
Make me over, mother April,  
When the sap begins to stir.

Take my dust and all my dreaming,  
Count my heart-beats one by one,  
Send them where the winters perish;  
Then some golden noon re-cherish  
And restore them in the sun,  
Flower and scent and dust and dreaming,  
With their heart-beats every one!

Set me in the urge and tide-drift  
Of the streaming hosts a-wing!  
Breast of scarlet, throat of yellow,  
Raucous challenge, wooings mellow,  
Every migrant is my fellow,  
Making northward with the spring  
Loose me in the urge and tide-drift  
Of the streaming hosts a-wing!

Let me hear the far, low summons,  
When the silver winds return;  
Rills that run and streams that stammer,  
Goldenwing with his loud hammer,  
Icy brooks that brawl and clamor,  
Where the Indian willows burn;  
Let me hearken to the calling  
When the silver winds return.

—Songs from *Vagabondia*.

### The Prairie Fire.

BY ELIZABETH HART.

THE Hill Top school stood on a little rounded knoll, with the brown prairies stretching out mile after mile on all sides. It was only a board shanty with rough home-made seats.

The prairie winds often rattled the windows and whistled through the cracks, but nobody minded that, for this was a new country, and the children were little pioneers, happy, sturdy, and self-reliant.

One warm April afternoon, when school had been dismissed, five children whose homes lay in the same direction ran off together down the country road. They had a long way to go: down the road for half a mile, then, crawling under a wire gate at one corner of a pasture fence, they would follow a wagon trail cross-wise through the great level pasture to the opposite corner. There they would separate.

Ralph Fuller walked ahead, leading his little sister Agnes by the hand and helping her over the rough places. He kept watch that the other children did not lag too far behind, for, being the oldest and biggest, he felt that he must look out for the smaller ones.

Little Donald Dow trudged sturdily along with his new First Reader held tightly in one hand and his tin dinner-pail in the other. May and Minnie Price were slower. They kept stopping to look for pretty stones along the road, or searching for spring flowers in the inch-high green grass showing along the edge of the road.

"What makes it so smoky, Ralph?" asked Agnes, as she trudged along, her curls bobbing at every step.

"It's the prairie fires," answered Ralph. "Daddy says it is dangerous to burn off the grass now, without a good, wide fire-break. If the wind should start up, the fire might get away; and it would simply sweep over this prairie, and might burn somebody out. It's pretty windy this afternoon," he added, looking around anxiously.

As he turned, Minnie and May came running up. "Look! Look!" cried the two little girls, breathlessly. "The fire's got away! It's coming this way! It'll burn us up!"

With wide, frightened eyes the children stood watching the long line of cruel, red blaze with seething gray smoke above it. It was coming with the wind. It had been far in the distance, but even as they watched it was getting nearer and widening out as it crept swiftly and steadily forward.

"I'm afraid of the fire," wailed little Donald, putting his arm over his eyes to shut out the sight, and running up to Ralph, hid his head in Ralph's coat.

"I'm afraid of the fire," sobbed Agnes, following Donald's example, and clinging to her brother with both arms.

"Quick! Let's run away from the fire! It'll burn us up!" cried Minnie, taking the hand of her younger sister, who, by this time, was crying loudly.

"No, come back," ordered Ralph and the little girls obeyed him. "The fire goes too fast," he went on. "You couldn't run away from it. Stop crying or you'll scare the little ones to death. Now, let's all try to think what to do."

Ralph spoke bravely, but he was shaking and his voice trembled, he wanted so badly to cry for Daddy to come and save them. He had heard many stories of prairie fires and knew the danger they were in. He thought hard. There must be a way out.

He had heard Daddy tell of a man who was caught out this way and who lay down with his face to the ground, his head covered with his coat, and let the fire pass over him. They could do the same.

The frightened children obeyed his command to lie down in the road where the grass was thin on either side. Ralph quickly wrapped their coats about them.

The air was getting hot and thick with smoke, for the wind was bringing the smoke and cinders ahead. The children lay breathless with suspense.

Ralph finished tucking Agnes' little skirts tightly about her and then pulled



off his coat. Something rattled in the pocket. He gave a joyful cry and drew out a box of matches.

Quick as a flash the words "backfire" came to his mind. He scratched a match on his shoe and touched it to the dry grass at the side of the road.

The wind fanned it into a brisk blaze. It quickly spread out and with a crackle and roar it swept on with the wind, leaving a broad, blackened, burned space behind it, a safe retreat for the frightened children.

Catching up Agnes, Ralph called to the other children to follow and led the way over the blackened prairie. They ran and ran, choking and coughing, as the air becoming hotter and filled with smoke and cinders told them the fire was not far behind. They knew they were out of danger, but the roar of the fire terrified them and the hot air burned their cheeks.

Suddenly the roar of the fire behind them died away, the air cleared, and they stopped for breath. When they turned around there was no fire behind them. It had died away as it came up to the spot burned over by the fire Ralph had started. His fire was miles away by this time.

"Mother wrote a note to the teacher this morning and asked to borrow some matches till Daddy goes to town. That's how I happened to have them," explained Ralph, as he smoothed Agnes' curls and wiped the cinders from her face.

"I think you were very brave," said Donald.

"I'm glad we didn't try to run away from the fire," said May, and Minnie nodded in agreement.



## The Borrowed Baby

BY ADA LORRAINE JEX.



It was two weeks before Easter. Lou had finished cutting out the paper rabbits and baby chicks that she intended sending as cards to her friends at River View, the pretty little town which had been her home until a month ago.

"What shall I do next, Mother?" the little girl asked, for exactly the seventh time that morning. "I am so lonely in the city."

"You'll help me if you set the table for lunch," Mrs. Ashley answered. "I'll hurry with the ironing, and when that's out of the way we'll go for a walk and end up at the museum."

"That will be fine!" Lou answered, and her eyes brightened.

They were just finishing washing the dishes when it began to rain.

"I am sorry, dear," Mrs. Ashley said, "but you won't be able to go out. The doctor cautioned me so about your not taking cold."

Lou went disconsolately to the window. Glad of any diversion, she ran eagerly to answer the telephone when it rang. It was Aunt Mary speaking.

"She's in town for the day and wants you to meet her and do some shopping," Lou called.

Mrs. Ashley hesitated.

"Go on, Mother, I'll be all right," the

## A Rainy Day.

BY HORTENSE ROBERTA ROBERTS.

ON mornings when it rains, dear me!

I'm just as sorry as can be.

But I pretend that I don't care:

I climb up in the great big chair,

And watch the fat round drops of rain,

So jolly, sliding down the pane

And landing with a big "ka-splash"

Upon the shiny window sash.

All day the thirsty plants and flowers

Lift up their heads to drink the showers.

The stream laughs out because it's free,

And rushes down to find the sea.

And nights, it's cozy in my bed

To hear the drops dance over head.

And sometimes in the rustling breeze

The flowers whisper to the trees

And say that they can grow now, fast,

Because the rain has come at last.

So when the flowers are all so gay,

Why, then I'm glad it rained that day.

little girl said bravely, although she felt the sobs rise in her throat at the thought of being alone all the afternoon.

"I don't like to leave you," Mrs. Ashley replied, "but Aunt Mary comes so seldom, I guess I'll go. Perhaps I can persuade her to spend the night."

Lou managed to wave cheerfully from the window. It was not until she turned back into the room that her tears came. Although she cried hard, some one across the hall cried harder. "It's that baby again," Lou said at last, and ceased sobbing to listen. "Oh, dear, I wish it would stop," she thought. "It cries most of the time. Poor little thing, Mother says it sounds to her as if it wasn't well."

The child took out a book and began to read. But she kept thinking of the crying baby. She had seen it a few times, being pushed in its buggy by a pink-cheeked young mother with stylish city clothes. Lou had wanted to raise the hood of the carriage and look at the baby. The little girl had smiled at the mother, but the lady didn't appear to notice her, so Lou hadn't ventured to say a word. Now, however, it seemed as if she just couldn't stand another moment of listening to the baby crying. Perhaps the poor little thing is lonely, she decided. At the thought the child closed her book with a sense of fellow-feeling, and taking the apartment key walked quickly across the hall and rang the bell.

She heard footsteps coming down the hall and the cries growing louder. Then the door opened. A lady stood there with the baby in her arms. She looked very much surprised.

"What can I do for you, little girl?" she asked.

"I've come to help with the baby," Lou answered.

Before Mrs. Merritt could reply, the baby cooed and stretched out its wee hands.

Just then the whistle of the dumb waiter blew and the mother went to answer it. The visitor followed right along in the most natural way in the world. Mrs. Merritt dropped the baby on the bed as she passed by.

When she returned from the kitchen the mother found Lou playing with a con-

tented and smiling baby. After that, the afternoon went very quickly. It was a surprise when the clock in the church tower struck five.

"I must go now, but I'll come again," the child said, kissing the baby's hand.

Lou wanted to visit the Merritts the very next morning. At first Mrs. Ashley objected. When she saw how earnest her little girl was in her desire, she went to the door with her.

Mrs. Merritt welcomed them with a smile.

"Your daughter was such a comfort, yesterday," she said. "Do you mean to say you are going to lend her to me again?"

"Yes, indeed, I'll be glad to," Mrs. Ashley answered, "if you promise to send her home if she gets to be a nuisance."

Lou entertained the baby while the mothers talked.

"My husband is sick in the hospital," Mrs. Merritt said, "and I've been so worried and upset, that it shows in baby. I want to spend a lot of time with my sick one, and I haven't any one to leave baby with while I'm away."

"I'll take care of her any time," Lou volunteered. "I'd love to!"

Mrs. Merritt laughed as she thanked her. But it wasn't very many days before the child was doing exactly what she had offered to do, for Mrs. Merritt found how trustworthy she was.

Mrs. Ashley had suggested a change in the baby's food, and that and the outdoor air which Lou gave Elinor, pushing the little one up and down the street in its carriage, or sitting beside her on a camp chair, made the baby gain. Mrs. Ashley was very glad of those ounces, but she was even more delighted with Lou's sparkling eyes and in her extra weight.

Pretty soon, people began to notice the little girl and commenced to talk to her. The policeman on the beat always had something to say. He told Lou all about his five children, and she decided to make them Easter presents, although it was hard to find time, now that the baby took so much of her attention. Then the old lady who lived on the ground floor made it a custom to wave her hand. Lou taught the baby to shake a "da-da" in return. One day the old lady spoke to the little girl. When she heard about the baby she asked Lou if she wouldn't bring her charge to spend the afternoon when the weather was too bad to take her out. The thin young soldier with the fat dog grew to look forward to Lou's approach. The pretty lady who painted pictures became a friend of the little girl. She even took the trouble to call on Mrs. Ashley in order to ask Lou to a children's party on Easter Monday.

"I'd love to accept," the child said, "but I am afraid I can't, for I've promised to look after Baby Elinor that day."

The artist laughed. "That will be all right. I'll invite Baby too."

"How perfectly lovely!" Lou cried rapturously. "Thank you ever so much."

So they both went, and it would have been hard to tell which had the better time, although the baby gained the most attention.

Now Lou knows so many people, children and grown-ups, that she often wonders how she could ever have been lonely.





## THE BEACON CLUB



Writing a letter for this corner makes you a member of the Club. Address, The Beacon Club, 25 Beacon Street, Boston, Mass.

Any club member who has lost his button must send a two-cent stamp when requesting another.

GREAT PLAIN AVENUE,  
NEEDHAM, MASS.

1255 EAST WILLIAM STREET,  
SAN JOSE, CALIF.

Dear Miss Buck,—I am ten years old and am in the fifth grade at school. I got my gun-metal pin a few weeks ago for good attendance in the Unitarian Sunday school.

We have a fine Sunday-school teacher, who has helped us form a club the name of which is the Pollyanna Club, consisting of thirteen girls. I was chosen vice-president of the Club. The Pollyanna Club sold candy at our last church supper. Our object is to "lend a hand."

Our minister's name is Mr. Allen, who gives illustrated talks of his trip abroad last summer. I have *The Beacon* every Sunday and enjoy the stories very much.

I would like to be a member of the Beacon Club.

Sincerely yours,  
LUCILE FRANCES GULLIVER.

DODSON, VA.

Dear Miss Buck,—I am ten years old and have been reading *The Beacon*, and enjoyed it very much, especially the Recreation Corner. I have just come out of the hospital, have been operated on for a bad case of appendicitis, and the doctors told me I could not go to school or get out any more this winter, and I get very lonely. I want to become a member of the Beacon Club and wear its button.

I am in the fourth grade and go to Sunday school in summer. My father has been dead four (4) years, and I am the oldest boy in the family. I would be so pleased if any of the Club members would write to me.

Your little friend,  
RALPH DAVID COX.

### Church School News.

IN the First Parish school at Needham, Mass. (Evan C. Thorpe, Superintendent), the Primary Department of three classes meets by itself. In the main school there are nine classes and the average attendance is 94. Each class is organized and has taken a name. The classes aim to be of service in various ways, and a good deal has been accomplished since this organization was effected.

The young people in Reading, Mass., are giving good service as officers, teachers, and substitute teachers in the church school. They give this service as part of the work of the Young People's Religious Union.

G. B. Jeffers, Superintendent of All Souls Unitarian school at Schenectady, N.Y., reports that the school is growing and has many activities. All the teachers in this school are paid. Most of them have had special training for their work and half of them are college graduates. The Kindergarten class meets during the church service and the church school conducts a nursery to care for children below kindergarten age while the parents attend church service. There is a Parent-Teacher Association. The school is pledged to contribute \$100 annually for three years for the support of an ancient church and Sunday school in Transylvania.

Last year several pupils from this school took the examinations for credit in

Dear Miss Buck,—I want to belong to the Beacon Club, for I know its members are all nice boys and girls. I am nine years old and go every Sunday to the Unitarian church school. I belong to the Junior Girls class. My teacher's name is Miss Charlotte Morton. I like her very much. My sister Burrree is secretary of our church school. Our school started only four weeks ago. Our minister's name is Rev. Charles Pease. He preaches us a little sermon every Sunday morning, which we all like.

I will be so happy when my club button comes.

Lovingly yours,  
LOUISE ELLEN DEAN.

Other new members of our Club in Massachusetts are Esther W. Wilkins, Carlisle; Douglas K. Field, Chicopee; Florence Evelyn and George S. Armstrong, and Paul W. Schaffner, Dover; Ernest Cote, East Bridgewater; Marion Bishop, Groton; Elsie Bickford, Hingham; Jean Adams, Jamaica Plain; Alma G. Hill, Lowell; Elizabeth H. Harmon and Alice Tarr, Marblehead; Dorothy E. Flocks, Milford; Alice Boviman, Millbrook; Evelyn and William Raymond, North Easton; Elinor Snow, Upton; Janet Baker and Betty Aldrich, Watertown; Geraldine Ogden, West Upton; Jeanne Penniman, Whitman.

Bible study set by the faculty of the high school. One of these passed the first semester examination 96% and the second semester 98%.

There is a post-graduate class of five girls in the Unitarian church school at Concord, N.H., taught by the Superintendent. They assist in caring for the materials used by the classes in the regular school course.

A Pilgrim Club was started in the First Church school at Salem, Mass., to encourage church attendance. A brother and sister who attended no Sunday school and were invited to join this one a year ago have missed only one Sunday since that time. This was owing to illness. As members of the Pilgrim Club they have had the same perfect record for church attendance, going not only to the regular services during the year, but attending also the summer union services of the three Unitarian churches in Salem.

### Our Honor Roll.

From the school of Hawes Church, South Boston, we have five names to be added to the Honor Roll for bringing new pupils into the school. They are as follows:

Howard Beaver. Leo Knebel.  
Elton Roberts. Ethel Campbell.  
Edna King.

This school has recently grown from sixty to eighty-three members.

## RECREATION CORNER.

### ENIGMA LII.

I am composed of 19 letters.  
My 1, 13, 10, 7, is an airplane part.  
My 15, 5, 17, 19, is a piece of fancy work.  
My 11, 4, 9, 8, is a small projectile.  
My 14, 2, 3, 16, is an eruption.  
My 12, 18, 6, is a public proclamation.  
My whole is a legal holiday.

FREDERIC L. WOODS, Jr.

### ENIGMA LIII.

I am composed of 17 letters and am a popular story for children.

My 15, 7, 10, 3, 12, is a girl's name.  
My 2, 9, 1, 16, 5, 17, is lent.  
My 8, 6, 14, 11, is not name.  
My 4, 15, 13, is a vehicle.

E. A. C.

### HIDDEN AUTOMOBILES.

1. The candy is for Dick.
2. "Dod, get me a pencil."
3. The broncho let me ride him.
4. "Pa, I get my pay to-day."
5. "Max, we'll go skating with you."
6. "You have lied to me."
7. "My chum Hud's on the train."
8. "Can't you tell that's oak? Land sakes!"

M. B. O. C.

### WORD SQUARES.

- |                     |                         |
|---------------------|-------------------------|
| 1. A seasoning.     | 1. Dry.                 |
| 2. Surface space.   | 2. Did ride.            |
| 3. Not so much.     | 3. A thought.           |
| 4. A duty, or work. | 4. A term of affection. |

E. A. C.

### A RIDDLE.

I hold a person's hand, and yet  
I have no hand myself;  
I travel with a man and take  
His treasure and his pelf.  
Sometimes I am discovered in  
A mine, a cliff, a hill;  
Sometimes I'm merely in a seam,  
Or tucked behind a frill.  
Be careful when you have me full;  
Don't be too proud; for then  
You'll empty me with ease—and I  
Am hard to fill again.

Youth's Companion.

### ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN NO. 26.

ENIGMA XLIX.—Pussy-willows.  
ENIGMA L.—A larger membership.  
HIDDEN ISLANDS.—1. Elba. 2. Corsica. 3. Java. 4. Cyprus. 5. Canary. 6. Cebu. 7. Bermuda. 8. Porto Rico.  
TWISTED PRESIDENTS.—1. Washington. 2. McKinley. 3. Cleveland. 4. Roosevelt. 5. Garfield. 6. Lincoln. 7. Grant. 8. Jackson. 9. Madison. 10. Jefferson.  
A CODE MESSAGE.—The weather has been very cold this past week.

## THE BEACON

FLORENCE BUCK, Editor.

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